

NEW SONGS.

1. The Wandering Sailor,
2. The Done-over Taylor.
3. Sally Macgee,
4. A New Song in praise of
the Volunteer Men,
5. The Beds of Roses,
6. Lochaber no more.



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The Wandering Sailor.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main;
 A competence in life to gain;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To wander on his native shore.

When winds blow hard and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole;
 Tho' deathful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of life renew;
 Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast;
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore!

The Done-over Taylor.

I AM worse than poor debtors coop'd up in their
 cages;
 Board wages I had, now bare boards are my wages;
 To get into bad bread, sure I had no call, Sir,
 But bad bread is better than no bread at all! Sir.

All Sir,

Small Sir,

No bread at all, Sir, oh!



Oh I had I a wife, tho' half-starv'd like our humble
There's some consolation in something to mumble,
Yet I'm married tho' single—I tell you no fibs, Sir,

Fibs, Sir,

Ribs, Sir,

Nothing but ribs Sir, oh!

Was ever poor servant in such a disaster!
I'm master'd by starving, and starv'd by my master,
I'm in a sad taking, with nothing to take, Sir,
I'd stake all my worth, to be worth a beef-stake,
Sir,

Steak, Sir,

Take Sir,

Take a beef-stake, Sir, oh!

Sally Macgee.

AS I was a walking down by Covent Garden,
a pretty young girl I chanc'd for to see,
I stept up unto her and salured my jewel,
she told me her name was young Sally Macgee.

Then walked up together to the Cookskin and
Mather,
we called for bottles one two and three;
We stept into the chamber for to have some pleasure
and there I took measure of Sally Macgee.

Her waist in the middle was as jim as a fiddle,
so nicely she humour'd the jig to a tee,
Roll'd in each others arms, embracing the charms,
of that loving lass Sally Macgee.

When the music was over, I quickly recover'd,
 because that her manner was easy and free;
 Then we went hand and hand and we call'd for a
 dram,
 good success to my sailor, says Sally Macgee.

Come all you fair maidens that follows the raking
 trade,
 I would have you all be good humoured and
 free;
 I never lov'd for to sport with a sailor,
 and humour the time like young Sally Macgee.

So now to conclude here's an end of my ditty,
 success to each jovial young lad that is free,
 That is bold and good natur'd like that jolly sailor,
 tho' enter'd on board with young Sally Macgee.

A New Song in praise of the Volunteer-men.

COM EID you volunteer men of courage stout
 and bold,
 And let not your nation and country be sold;
 But take up your muskets as you have done before,
 And follow your commander down to the seashore.

These confounded curst Frenchmen makes Eu-
 rope to stare,
 To Britain's fair coast they threaten to steer,
 If an hundred thousand come, and twice as many
 more,
 We are able and willing to pay off their score.

They've murdered their king, and likewise their
 queen,
 Over all the French land blood runs like a stream;
 But innocent blood loudly does call,
 For vengeance, just vengeance, which on them will
 fall.

The Royal Du'ce of York, with his British lions
 bold,
 There honour and valour cannot be controul'd;
 Through thundering balls do fly up and down,
 Udaunted defy them their courage never fail.

The Duke of Bucleugh and the bold Ancrum too,
 Commands our brave volunteers all clothed in blue,
 If the French dares to land on our British shore,
 We will show them play as we have done before.

By the help of our sailors whom we have in tow,
 With Gardner and Gell, with Lord Hood and
 Lord Howe;
 They left wives and sweet-hearts, their joys and
 delight,
 For the honour of Britain so boldly to fight.

Here we have volunteer men faced up with green,
 Such handsome young men I seldom have seen;
 Such like in Newcastle are turned up with black,
 To protect the ladies they never will be slack.

Great Britain will flourish still mistress of the
 main,
 In spite of the Devil, the Pope, or Tom Paine;
 Our concellors are wise, they never can slide,
 While Scripture and reason their consciences guide.

Each trade and occupation with loyalty may sing,
 And pray for peace and plenty for our gracious
 queen and king;
 So now my song is ended, I found it in this town,
 I hope I have not offended to sing it up and down.

The Beds of Roses.

AS I was walking in a morning of May,
 The small birds were singing delightful and
 gay;
 There I with my true-love did often sport and play,
 Down among the bonny beds of rose,

My pretty brown girl come sit on my knee,
 For there's none in the world I fancy but thee;
 Nor will I ever change my old love for a new,
 So my pretty brown girl do not leave me.

My daddy and mammy they often used to say,
 That I was a naughty boy and used to run away;
 If they bid me go to work I'd sooner go to play,
 Down among the bonny beds of roses.

If I had ten thousand pounds laid up in store,
 I would part with it all for the girl I adore;
 I would part with it all and ten times as much more,
 So my pretty brown girl do not leave me.

No nymph on the plain with my love can com-
 pare,
 With a comb set with diamonds I'll pleat up her
 hair;

Of all loves enjoyment my love she shall share,
Down amongst the bonny beds of roses.

No creature on earth is so happy as me,
While my charming brown girl is set on my knee;
A smile or a kiss brings fresh pleasure to me,
Down amongst the bonny beds of roses.

My daddy may fret and mammy may frown,
For to walk with my true-love I'll venture alone,
Fast locked to my arms all our love we will own,
Down amongst the bonny beds of roses.

Then away to the church we will walk with an
air,
Kind Hymen proclaime us the happy pair;
Her bosom I will press, and her chains I will wear,
Down among the bonny beds of roses

Lochaber no more.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've many day been,
For Lochaber, Lochaber, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more:
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Though bore on rough sea to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.

Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roor,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore;
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,
 But ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd;
 But beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory my Jeany, and plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be:
 I gae then my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.



P I N I S

